

everything sputters about
me

and I want to give you
the long line
full of baskets
full of
sweet shit and dusk
and totally fragrant plants
and splashing colors
on real petals
and I want to give you all
yet I am limited
by matter

gagaku

I hold the
surface white abalone handle the
chrome blade glitters the
colors red aqua yellow are radiant in the
whiteness of the
handle.

I pick the
knife up in my fist
bring it to your front torso I
love your breast you
have perfect nipples for my aesthetic
need.

I slice down lightly
beginning at your sternum
such a thin slit the
blood comes up like ink a
perfect line
to your navel.

Rising the blood thickens its
line makes you cut in half flaps
opening I peer like a weak
child into you.

you smile.
there is no pain you
are a goddess beyond pain.